ther : I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtome of exerciſes; and indeed it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame the earth ſeemes to mee a ſterill promontorie ; this moſt excellent Canopie the aire, looke you, this brave ore-hanged firmament, this majeſticall roofe fretted with golden fire, why it appeareth nothing to me but a foule and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece a worke is man ! how noble in reaſon ! how infinite in faculties ! in forme and moving how expreſſe and admirable ! in action how like an Angel ! in apprehenſion how like a God ! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals; & yet to me what is this quinteſſence of duſt ? man delights not me, nor woman neither, though by your ſmiling you ſeeme to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My Lord there was no ſuch ſtuffe in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did ye laugh then, when I ſaid man delights not me?

Roſ. To thinke my Lord, if you delight not in man, what Lenten entertainment the Plaiers ſhall receive from you, we coated them on the way, and hither are they comming to offer you ſervice.

Ham. He that playes the King ſhall be welcome, his Majeſtie ſhall have tribute of mee, the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his foyle and target, the lover ſhall not ſigh gratis, the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace, and the Lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blanke verſe ſhall halt for't. What players are they ?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take ſuch delight in, the Tragedians of the City.

Ham. How chances it they travell ? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better both wayes.

Roſ. I thinke their inhibition comes by the meanes of the late innovation.

Ham. Doe they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the City ? are they ſo followed ?

Roſ. No indeed, they are not.

Ham. It is not very ſtrange ; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and thoſe that would make mouthes at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred duckets a peece for his picture in little : s'blood there is ſomething in this more than naturall, if Philoſophy could finde it out. *A Flouriſh.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham.